

Alabama a Dry State.

For the first time since Alabama became a state, or, in fact, since DeSoto set his foot upon its soil, the legal sale of liquor is not a part of its economy. Historic places where men of national note have gathered for centuries are closed, and smooth counters, worn by the sliding of millions of glasses, look out in gaunt emptiness or apologetically offer a soft drink. The Montgomery liquor men will test the law.

Claus Spreckles left \$50,000,000 to his widow and three children.

Beautiful Messina.

"Messina was a beautiful city of over 100,000 people," says Constantino Scarpellino of Lincoln, an Italian who was reared at Palermo, a city some hundred miles from there on the island of Sicily. "I have been there many times on business trips and was impressed with its beauty and stability. Because of the danger from fire following earthquake shocks its buildings were constructed of brick and stone, only the window casings being of wood. It was considered to be fireproof and it is hard to understand why so many people perished from the flames.

"Its limits covered land which was on the level of the sea and there were no hills to flee to even if the doomed people were able to rush to high ground. As a matter of fact they were caught in a trap without warning and drowned.

"The whole island has been shaken by earthquakes a number of times and the inhabitants have always been fearful of visitations of this monster. The summers are cool and there is ever a sea breeze. In many places a crop of vegetables can be grown every month. Exports of oranges, lemons, olives and dates are made over the civilized world and there is a fine market for the surplus fruits. An immense quantity of vegetables are also sent to other European countries. A man can make a good living for his family on an acre of ground and many do. Its climate brings thousands of people from many of the countries of the globe every year.

The population of Sicily is over 3,000,000 and is about the size of eleven ordinary counties. It is therefore densely populated from an American point of view. Some travelers have said that fruit is so abundant that it grows everywhere and a man who does not want to work much may copy a meal by the roadside.

Winter Meetings of State Agricultural Associations.

Seventeen different societies to hold annual meetings at the university farm and agricultural school, January 18-23, 1909. With the new stock and grain judging pavilion, the woman's building and the new veterinary building, the state farm is better able to accommodate the people who attend these meetings than ever before. Twenty-five hundred farmers and stock growers are expected to attend. Prominent men from other states will take part on the programs. The evening sessions are exceptionally strong. You cannot afford to miss these meetings.

Not to Summon the President.

Senator Hale, acting chairman of the committee on appropriations, which has in charge the investigation of the methods of the secret service, said that there was no intention of summoning President Roosevelt before the committee after his retirement on the fourth of March, as was intimated in some published reports.

"Here, ma!" requested the boy, hurrying in from school before time, "hang my jacket up behind the stove. Is it wet?" "No, but teacher sent me home to tell you to warm my jacket for me."

Giles—Peckem has a bad case of matrimonial dyspepsia. Miles—How's that? Giles—His wife doesn't agree with him.

Belman: "Absent minded, is she?" "I should say so. She's the kind of woman who would go to a bridge party without her rings."

Turkish proverb: The devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil.

Lincoln Directory

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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt this desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. "The Heavens!" hear a long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all works. Decide to let her go and engage Sol. Pratt as chef. Twins agree to leave Nate Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another domicile. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwich. Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the incident proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a fierce storm, which followed the picnic. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt landed safely and a search for the other two revealed an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt rescued it from Scudder and called it Ozon Island. They lived on the island and Owner Scudder brought ridiculous presents as a token of gratitude. Innocently, Hartley and Hopper in search for clams robbed a private "quahaug."

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Did you need the extra bucket?" I asks.

"Why, no, I believe not," says Hartley. "You see I dug for a while and then I went to look for better places, and James did the digging. We found holes enough, but they didn't seem to be the right kind. Worms, did you call those things? Sea serpents, you meant, I guess. I never saw such creatures. And there was one place where there were millions of holes, but chockful of crabs."

"Um-hum," says I. "Fiddlers. You must have gone plumb up into the march bank to run into them."

"They was 'orrid things,'" says Lord James, rolling his eyes. "And they 'ad claws and swarmed over my feet. I give you my word I was that—"

"That'll do, James," says Hartley. "Well, I was successful at last, skipper. Struck a place where clams were actually in layers just under the sand. We turned 'em over with the hoes like winking. I pointed 'em out and James picked 'em up. Just look at those buckets, will you?"

I looked at 'em. There was three buckets chock, frimming full.

"Good land of love!" says I. "Them ain't clams—they're quahaugs."

"There're clams in New York," he says.

"Maybe so," says I. "We call 'em quahaugs here. And there's no quahaugs in this part of the bay unless they've been bedded. Was there any marks around 'em?"

"There was a lot of sticks stuck up around," he says, "but we knocked those out of the way."

"You did?" says I. "Did you leave any of the—what you call clams?"

"You bet we didn't," says he. "We took the last one. Had too much trouble finding 'em to leave any."

"Humph!" says I. "That's nice. You've cleaned out somebody's private quahaug bed. Them quahaugs was all brought over by somebody and planted where you found 'em. The sticks was to mark the place."

"You don't mean it?" he says.

"Yes, I do," says I. "I callate we'll hear from them quahaugs afore long."

And sure enough we did, but that comes later.

On the way up to the house I turns to his lordship, who was limping bare-foot over the beachgrass stubbles, and says I:

"Ain't clamming fun?" I says.

"My word!" says he, but it expressed his feelings all right.

All the afternoon the clam hunters kept getting lamer and lamer and sorer and sorer. Their sun-burnt legs and arms was hurting 'em scandalous. Hartley flopped into a piazza chair and stayed there, and Lord James crept around with his limbs spread out like windmill sails. And every time he'd bump into a chair or anything you could hear him whoop to glory.

Van Brunt got home about supper time. Scudder rowed him over. I had the quahaug chowder made and he ate enough for all hands. Hartley was feeling too used up to relish it much, and his lordship didn't eat nothing. I let him off on the dish washing and he went off to the tail end of the veranda and went to sleep in a chair.

After supper Van told about his trip to Eastwich. Agnes and the Talford girl was well, he said, and they and their Fresh Air tribe was coming to the island next day for a picnic.

"By the way, skipper," says Van; "Scudder says he brought some presents for us last night after we went to bed. Where are they?"

Thunder! I'd forgot all about them "presents." I'd felt like an undertaker when I laid 'em away in that drawer, and now I felt like a grave robber as I dug 'em up again. I spread 'em out on the table, coffin plates in the middle and wreath on one end and "What Is Home Without a Mother" on 'other.

You'd ought to have heard them Heavens! laugh! Nate's presents certainly made a hit. Van he just laid back and roared.

"Oh, by Jove!" he says, panting. "This is too good! This is lovely. Shades of Hannah Jane Purvis! Martin, how the widow of the man that didn't feel like beans would have appreciated these, hey? This—this would have been her idea of an art gallery."

"Pack 'em away again, Sol," says Hartley. "Now that the relatives have had an opportunity to view the remains, the funeral may go on. Bury 'em quick."

"Bury 'em?" says Van. "Not much. They're too dreamily beautiful. Martin, I'm surprised at you. What is home without a family vault, anyway. And yet—Hold on!" he says, holding up his hand. "I have an idea. We'll give them to James."

"To James?" says me and Martin together.

"Of course, to James. James is funeral and solemn and dignified. They ought to appeal to his taste. They're right in his line. We will decorate James' room with 'em. What is it they were warranted to do, skipper, when 'strung up around?' Oh, yes! to be sure. 'Take away the bare look.' James' room is bare, now that I think of it. Come and join the Memorial Day parade, Martin."

He was out in the kitchen getting the hammer and nails and string. Going to decorate the valet's bedroom right off. Hartley laughed and said: "Oh, let the poor devil alone, Van."

"I Give You Warning Now, I'm Going 'Ome."

He's had troubles enough for one day. But you couldn't stop that Van Brunt critter when he got started.

He makes me load the presents in my arms and takes the lamp and leads the way upstairs. And then he sets to work and hangs them presents round Lord James' room. He put the coffin plates over the washstand at the foot of the bed, and the wreath over the head, and hung the picture of Marcellus over the looking-glass and the shell work by the closet door.

"Now," says he, "for the motto—the crowning touch. Where? Where?"

Finally he hung it on top of the bureau.

"Perhaps," says he, "its influence may make James more motherly; who knows?"

Then we went downstairs and he made me promise to say nothing. Then he was for waking his lordship up and ordering him to bed right then, but his chum wouldn't hear of it. Martin said let the poor fellow have his nap out. He knew how he felt. So Van give in after awhile.

Pretty soon Hartley got tired of waiting and said he was going to turn in; he was played out, he said. Van wanted to wait longer, but he didn't. He went to bed, too. At half-past ten or so my round of chores was done and I sung out to Lord James to wake up and come in because I wanted to look up. But he wouldn't.

"Let me alone," he says, pleading. "I'm 'appy for the first time in 'ours. I'll look up, myself, by and by," he says. So I left him out on the piazza and went aloft and turned it. And it didn't take me long to get to sleep. I tell you.

What woke me up was a howl like an engine tooting. I bounced out of bed like I had springs under me, instead of corncobs and ropes.

Then comes another screech. Then a smash—bang—smash! Then more yells, and feet going down the hall and falling downstairs. Then a door banging and sounds like all the furniture on the island was being upset.

I lit a lamp and got out into the hall. There I met the Heavenly Twins just coming from their room. They was dressed light and gauzy, same as me, but Van had a revolver in his hand and Hartley was swinging a chair by he back.

"What on earth?" says Van. "It's in the dining room, whatever it is," says I.

I grabbed up something to use for a club—it turned out later to be the lightest joint of Hartley's fish pole—and tip-toed downstairs to the dining room door. And that door was locked fast.

CHAPTER IX. The "Fresh-Airers."

First I tried that door, then Hartley tried it, and then Van; each of us just as soft and quiet as possible. Then we listened. Not a sound.

Then Van catches me by the arm and begins to pull me and Martin back along the hall. When we got to the end, by the parlor door, he whispers, low and cautious:

"We must break the door down. It's locked on the inside. Better turn the lamp down, too. A light gives the other man all the advantage if it comes to shooting. Now ready, when I say the word. All rush together. One—two—"

"Wait a minute," whispers Hartley—he was always cool-headed. "Where's James?"

"James?" repeats Van. "What? James?"

"James?" says I. And then I began to get my senses back. Wake a feller up out of a sound sleep the way we was and it takes a few minutes for him to get on earth again.

"James!" says I. "I'll be—"

"Idiot!" says Van, speaking about himself, I judge. Then he walks down the hall and gives that door a kick.

"James," he sings out. "Is that you? Open this door."

For a second or two there wa'n't a sound. Then a voice says, weak and chattering: "O-o-h, my soul!"

"What's the matter with him?" says Van. "Is he hurt? Where's the key,

"It's all right, James. Just one of Mr. Van Brunt's jokes. You see—"

"But I saw 'im, sir. 'E was there, and there was wreaths and coffin 'ing about, and—"

"It's all right," says I. "Here! come along and I'll show you."

But not one step would he stir. A derick wouldn't have lifted him up them stairs. So I quit trying and went aloft and fetched down the crayon enlargement and the wreath. Then I set out to explain.

"Why, you imbecile!" says Van. "Where's your taste for art? We were beautifying your room. Taking off the bare look, as per Scudder."

James' color begun to come back. And when it come it come thick. He reddened up so you could see it even through the sun-burn.

"Mr. Van Brunt," he says, getting madder every minute, "I give you notice. I leave to-morrow morning."

"Don't be an idiot—" begins Van, but his lordship cut him short.

"I leave to-morrow morning," he shouts. "Ain't it enough to bring me to this Gaud-forsaken 'ole and work me 'alf to death and blister me from 'ead to foot, without this? I give you warning now. I'm going 'ome. And you be glad I ain't 'aving the law on you for this outrage. Us poor servants 'as rights, and—"

There was more, plenty more. We couldn't shut him up. And the Heavens! explanations didn't count either. He was dead set on leaving in the morning.

Finally, we give it up and went back to bed. Lord James said he was going to stay in the kitchen all night. Nothing would hire him to sleep in Marcellus' receiving tomb again.

"Humph!" says Hartley, as the Twins went upstairs, "it looks to me as if your joke had lost us the best valet you ever had, Van."

Van cussed under his breath. "He shan't leave," he said. "I must keep him somehow. He's invaluable in the city, and we may go back there some time. Not for months, though, of course," he adds.

But in the morning James was worse set than ever. He wouldn't help with breakfast nor nothing; went aloft at daylight and begun to pack his trunk. He was going to leave, that's all there was about it.

The Twins was pretty blue during breakfast. Van about losing his lordship and Hartley on account of sun-burn, I callate. "Was another elegant day and there was wind enough to keep the flies and mosquitoes away from the house. If you got in the lee anywhere, though, they was laying for you in droves. They didn't bother me much, 'count of my hide being tough and leathery and my flavor too salt maybe; but they was fattening up fast on the Heavens! and James."

About ten o'clock Scudder shows up with the first dory load of Fresh Airers from the Eastwich place. Miss Agnes come along with 'em. Then the second load come, capned by the Talford girl. And then there was doings.

Them Fresh Air young ones wa'n't all of a piece with Reddy, which was a mercy. He was a handful in himself, that little sorrel-top was—but there was enough like him to keep things stirred up. Marcellus' old shingled prison had to take it that day. There must have been some stewing in Heaven if old Lady Berry could look down and see them youngsters whooping and carrying-on in the front parlor. In Mrs. B.'s day that parlor was a kind of saint's rest, as you might say, and the only time anybody opened its door was when she sailed in with the broom and feather duster. And then she must have had to navigate by compass, because the blinds was always shut tight and the curtains drawn and 'twas too dark to see anything.

Hartley looked out for the children and Van Brunt piloted the two girls over the place, pointing out where the garden was going to be some day, and where the hens was likely to roost and the pig to board. They seemed to be as pleased and tickled as he was, and thought everything was "lovely" and "just too quaint and dear." I was busy cooking and Lord James sulked out in the barn. He couldn't get away until late afternoon on account of the train.

Reddy stuck to Hartley like a mud-turtle to a big toe. He was right at his heels all the time. By and by the pair of 'em come out in the kitchen to see me.

"Hello, Andrew Jackson," says I to the boy. "How do you like this part of the country?"

"Great!" says he, his eyes snapping. "Gee, ain't we having the peach of a time?"

"Must feed you well over there," I says. "Seems to me you're getting fat already. Board's up to the mark of the Newsboys' home, ain't it?"

"You bet!" says he. "Chicken, and pie, and all the milk you want. And cream—aw, say!" and he smacked his lips.

"How'd you like to live here all the time?"

He shook his head. "Naw," he says. "Too still. Sometimes I can't sleep good 'cause it's so still. No El, nor whistles nor fights nor nothing. And no Chinks to chuck rocks at. Miss Agony won't let you chuck rocks at folks anyhow."

"Don't you wish you was back in New York with your dad?" I says.

"Not much," he says. "The old man used to club me too good. When he was full I'd get a belting most every day."

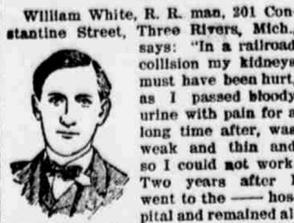
I looked at Hartley and he at me. Poor little shaver! It's when I see how some folks treat children that I get to thinking I could make a better world than this is.

"Going to run away again?" I asks, after a minute.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HURT IN A WRECK.

Kidneys Badly Injured and Health Seriously Impaired.



William White, R. R. man, 201 Constantine Street, Three Rivers, Mich., says: "In a railroad collision my kidneys must have been hurt, as I passed bloody urine with pain for a long time after, was weak and thin and so I could not work. Two years after I went to the hospital and remained almost six months, but my case seemed hopeless. The urine passed involuntarily. Two months ago I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and the improvement has been wonderful. Four boxes have done me more good than all the doctoring of seven years. I gained so much that my friends wonder at it."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Cut Off in His Prime.

That the negro residing in the north has the fondness for euphonious words—regardless of their meaning—that characterizes his brother in the south was illustrated by a remark overheard a few days ago.

Two colored women stood chatting at the corner of Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. One of them, ostentatiously clad in mourning, said with a doleful shake of the head in reply to a query from the other:

"Yes, he died in de height of his sen-ith."—Washington Star.

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"I followed your advice faithfully and took Peruna as you told me. Now I might say I'm well."

"I want to go and visit my mother and see the doctor who said I was not long for this world. I will tell him it was Peruna that cured me."

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